THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

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ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

INFLUENCE OF PREJUDICE.

A liability to err is the misfortune of human nature. A benevolent GOD, in creating man endowed him with faculties capable of progreſſive and indefinite improvement. His mind is originally deſtitute of knowledge; it being wiſely left with him, as a ſtrong inducement to induſtry, to cultivate and enlighten the underſtanding from the various objects, with which he is ſurrounded.—His reaſon is ſufficient to diſcover the various relations between different objects and beings, and to direct him in his conduct, in the moſt important, and intereſting concerns.

Such are the capacities of mankind. Change the ſcene, and view them as they are; their underſtandings uncultivated; their reaſon perverted; blinded by ſuperſtition; and governed by prejudice.

Leaving other ſources of error, we will conſider prejudice, and its influence on mankind in relation to their improvement in the arts, ſciences, and learning in general.—While philoſophy was yet in her infancy, the minds of men were filled with wrong notions, by the deceptions of the ſenſes, the deluſions of the imagination, and a falſe appearance of relations among the materials of reaſoning. Theſe prejudices, gratifying to the pride of human nature, imbibed in youth, and confirmed by habit, required more force of genius, and induſtry of reſearch, to be eradicated, than was poſſeſſed by the moſt enlightened. Then aroſe pretended philoſophers, not ſtimulated by a deſire of diſcovering the truth, but wiſhing for the honor of founding new ſyſtems of philoſophy; ſome by ſpecious arguments, others by addreſſing the paſſions of the ignorant, obtained followers, and palmed their doctrines on the world. For ages ancient, and modern, men choſe their leaders, and without examination received their abſurd tenets with implicit credulity. Theſe prejudices formed a barrier, inſuperable to the progreſs of reaſon, till BACON, whoſe memory will be regarded as ſacred by the friend of ſcience, and humanity, appeared to illuminate a world long inveloped in the clouds of ignorance. By arguing from effects to cauſes, from particulars to generals, he was able to evince the fallacy of the Ariſtotelian reaſoning; and by laying down rules for philoſophizing, he broke the chains of prejudice, which had for ages fettered genius, and oppoſed the advancement of ſcience. He took a courſe, in which he has been followed, by men eminent for talents, who have embraced the cauſe of humanity, by carrying the arts, and ſciences to a ſurpriſing degree of perfection.

But let us not ſuppoſe, even in this enlightened age, when philoſophy, both moral and phyſical, is improved by experiment and obſervation, that men are entirely diveſted of prejudice.—How often do we ſee them, without conſidering, that ſo long, as imperfection is ſtamped on the human character, truth will be mingled with error; how often do we ſee them, inſtead of examining principles by reaſon, and experience, pay ſuperſtitious reverence to the authority of their favorite partizans, and ſuffer their minds to be debaſed by embracing abſurdities, and contradictions, as important truths.

From the love of our country, a virtue celebrated by poets and orators, revered by ſtateſmen and politicians, ariſes a prejudice injurious to the advancement of ſcience. While we receive the diſcoveries, and reaſonings of diſtinguiſhed characters of our own country as divine oracles, we regard the more able productions of other nations as puerile, or ſophiſtical.

The impoſitions of deſigning, and enthuſiaſtic prieſts have been a fruitful ſource of ignorance and error to mankind. Contrary to the mild doctrines of the Goſpel, which are addreſſed to the underſtanding, and invite to examination, they have uſed the thunders of the Vatican, with all the threads, and tortures which ambition and intereſt could deviſe to blind the people and to propagate their religious opinions.

To enumerate the principles to which mankind are ſubject, would afford matter for volumes. But in diveſting ourſelves of them, let us not like modern ſceptical writers, who, affecting freedom of thoughts, and independence of ſpirit, confound reaſon, and lay aſide common ſenſe.

S. M.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

HISTORY.

THE ſtudy of hiſtory is a moſt valuable ſchool for the heart. Here we view human nature in all its varied and multiform ſhapes; the brave and the cowardly, the virtuous and the vicious, the man of merit and the man of fame, each in his turn pourtrayed in the brighteſt and blackeſt hues. Through this medium we are enabled to benefit by the experience of ages, without the hazard of a campaign, the cares of a diadem, or the intrigues of a court. All the paſſions, which agitate the boſom of man, with their concomitant virtues and vices, are diſcloſed to the eye of the enquirer, ſtripped of the cobweb texture by which they were partially enveloped, till touched with the taliſman of truth, by the hand of the hiſtorian. The courage and generous heroiſm of Leonidas and Epaminondas, contraſted with the baſe cowardice and luxurious effeminacy of Sardanapolus, fill the mind at once with veneration and diſguſt. At the achievements of the former, the glow of admiration tinges the cheek with a deeper crimſon, while the heart pays a voluntary homage to their virtues. Again, when we read of the horrid cruelties and ſhocking impieties of Nero and Caligula, do we not almoſt diſclaim humanity, till the recollection of an Ariſtides and Phocion, diſſipates our riſing miſanthropy, and reconciles us again to human nature?

Hiſtory aſſures us, that man, in a ſtate of nature, is the ſame in all ages and nations. A ſlave to his paſſions and appetites, eagerly following the dictates of inclination, careleſs to day and thoughtleſs of the morrow, ſavage in his wiſhes and purſuits, unacquainted with the true and only God, and unapprehenſive for the future; till religion and her handmaid civilization, bringing huſbandry, architecture and the arts and ſciences, appear. Then the ſavage loſes his ferocity, and we behold the *man*. The ſtateſman, the warrior and the politician, now enter the liſts of fame. The huſbandman tilling the glebe and the ſhepherd tending his flock, "are ſeen where late was barrenneſs and waſte." The face of nature is changed, but feuds and civil diſcord remain, as proofs that the ſeeds of ſin are indelibly fixed in the heart of man.

ANTOINETTE.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

From the LITERARY WORKSHOP.—*No.* 2.

BOOKWORM's name conveys a juſt idea of his character. He is an unfeigned friend of the Muſes. In youth he was remarkable for quickneſs of thought, profound penetration, and a fondneſs to ſeclude himſelf from the pomp and tumult of the buſy world. His amiable deportment, and unceaſing endeavors for intellectual attainments, while at the univerſity, procured him the eſteem and affection of all his fellow labourers in the 'Temple of Science.' Six years have paſſed ſince he received his firſt degree of collegiate honour. During this period, his whole attention has been directed to claſſical and polite literature.

Cloiſtered up in a ſcanty, retired apartment, he has toiled aſſiduouſly to acquire the 'modum ſcibendi eleganter,' and has familiarized to himſelf the moſt celebrated volumes of antiquity, thoſe imperiſhable monuments of genius and taſte. He is charmed with the ſurviving ſpecimens of Grecian and Roman elocution. In peruſing the elegant, but widely diſſimilar, orations of Cicero and Demoſthenes, his whole ſoul is engroſſed, his imagination takes fire from the page he reads, and he ſeems like one, ſometimes liſtening to the muſical murmurs of the rivulet, and ſometimes aſtoniſhed, by the loud thunders of the tumbling torrent. He reads, with facility the writings of Homer, Zenophon, Plato and Longinus. Horace, Virgil, Livy and Julius Cæſar have long been his conſtant companions, and he is now daily drawing mental nutriment from the immortal bards of Volterra and Aquinum.

Though his attention has been chiefly given to the works of the Ancients, he is not wholly unacquainted with the productions of modern times. The Britiſh Claſſics, and the moſt valuable papers, which have appeared in the periodical publications of our own country, have not been neglected. Among theſe, he has read the 'American Spectator,' 'Common Senſe in

Diſhabille,' the 'Lay Preacher,' ſeveral eſſays in the 'Literary Miſcellany,' the 'Companion,' the 'Monthly Anthology,' and with peculiar intereſt, the elegant and inſtructive numbers of the 'American Lounger.' With ſuch acquirements, and with habits formed by inceſſant application to buſineſs, Bookworm has lately taken his ſtation in the *Workſhop*, where all his future exertions will be devoted to the benefit of his literary cuſtomers.

Empiricus was once famous for manufacturing life-preſerving and life-reſtoring medicines. A large room was crowded with his eſſences, tinctures, ointments, powders, &c. &c. and he obtained from government no leſs than *thirty two* patents for his numerous noſtrums, compoſed of frogs' claws, porcupines' tails, gooſe ears, bumble-bees' bladders, and other very important materials. It was affirmed, by ſome, that the moſt valuable qualities of theſe materials have been concealed from the creation of the world to this enlightened age, only that the great Empiricus might have the honor of their diſcovery.

He not only *prepared* medicines, but was a celebrated practitioner. No phyſician had the *appearance* of more extenſive buſineſs. He was ſeen riding with the greateſt ſpeed, on all public occaſions, and, particularly, on Sundays, (a cuſtom common to all the quack brotherhood) as people were repairing to, or returning from, the public worſhip of the day. His affability and great condeſcenſion rendered him the admiration of the lower claſſes in community. They imagined he was wonderfully ſkilful, and the *vulgar* uſed, as he paſſed, to bawl out '*There goes that deuced great doctor*'; while the *learned vulgar*, to ſhow their erudition, generally called him the *Eſculopius* of his country.

It was his practice to manifeſt the deepeſt concern on entering the rooms of the ſick. Take an inſtance.

"*Accipe nunc Danaûm inſideas, et crimine ab uno Diſce omnes.*"

He was called to viſit a woman troubled with the hyſterics. At ſeeing her, he exclaimed, 'Good heavens! mam, you are but juſt alive. It's lucky, mam, you ſent for me to-day, for you'd been dead before tomorrow. Why, mam, you are really very ſick—but I believe I can cure you.' 'Oh dear, doctor, ſaid the ſhort-breathed lady, 'I find I am almoſt gone; have you any thing, doctor, that can "ſnatch me from the jaws of death?" "O yes,' returned Empiricus, 'I have a thouſand medicorums that will do it. But here is a little of the tincturo catnipoti, which you muſt ſwallow, ſimultaneouſly, once a hora, or hour—It will cauſe a fermentaculum on the extremitates of your pedeſtral parts, and in a few diems, or days, tranſmutable you into a new creature.' He then dealt out ſeveral large doſes from his ſaddle-bags, and, by laboring hard a few hours, changed the lady's hyſterics into a fever, and made a profitable patient of her for three months. At length, fearing he ſhould deſtroy the woman, he withheld moſt of his medicines, and ſhe ſoon recovered. Her reſtoration to health was all aſcribed to the doctor. He had wrought almoſt a miracle. His praiſes filled the mouths of the whole neighborhood. The honeſt huſband thanked the doctor for the cure he had effected, payed him cheerfully, and with gratitude towards him,

"His heart ſo beat and thwack'd it,
As burſt the buttons off his jacket."

In this way he went on, curing ſome, killing many and growing rich, till about half a year ago, when, by a ſmall miſtake, inſtead of an emetic, he adminiſtered a chafingdiſh and a heater. The judicious patient, finding ſome difficulty in digeſting, took a cathartic, and ſoon diſcovered the error. He, immediately, entered an action againſt Empiricus, and, gaining his cauſe, ſtripped him of all his wealth and fame. Poverty opened his eyes, and diſcloſed to his view the baſeneſs of his former conduct. He has been ſeveral months engaged in a regular courſe of medical ſtudies, and, to make ſome atonement for the evils he has done, intends to proclaim open war with the whole '*ignobile pecus*' of quack doctors.

Ballad-maker occupies the poetical part of the Workſhop, and is completely qualified for his buſineſs. Love-ſickneſs is ſaid to be an indiſpenſible requiſite for a poet. Ballad-maker is twenty eight years old, and has been *violently* in love *ſixteen times*. His heart is ſtuck full with ſhafts from the quiver of the 'little god.' Having been in all ſtages of the 'tender paſſion,' and knowing what remedy to apply in every poſſible caſe, his labours will undoubtedly contribute much to the ſatisfaction of all the fainting laſſes and impatient ſwains, who may be pleaſed to traffic at the *Literary Workſhop*.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

STUDY NOT SUPERFICIALLY.

TO read without attention, or write without ſtudy, is employing time to little purpoſe.—A man's knowledge does not conſiſt in the number of pages he has read, but in the ideas, which he retains in his memory. The fame of a writer depends not on the volumes he has written, but on the information, which he communicates. This, however, is not aſſented to by all. Many ſuppoſe, if they can turn over a hundred folio pages upon metaphyſics in a day, or read aſtronomy as expeditiouſly as a romance, they muſt be conſidered ſcholars of the greateſt abilities, and ſhall eventually ſhine like ſtars of the firſt magnitude in the firmament of literature. They expect to be treated with great deference, and are aſtoniſhed, that men do not apply to them for inſtruction, and ſubmit the deciſion of doubtful queſtions to their ſuperior underſtanding. Entertaining too exalted an opinion of their knowledge, and not receiving that reſpect, which they imagine their juſt due, they become moroſe and cenſure mankind for their want of taſte, and neglect of literary merit. It would be well for ſuch perſons to examine whether ſcience has ſo far elevated them above other men, or whether their own imaginations have overrated their acquirements. It is certain, they have run over many books, and have confuſed ideas of many ſubjects; but this will not make them eaſy to give inſtruction, or enable them to make a right deciſion in matters of importance. But he, who reads little, and is careful to underſtand it, has an anſwer to every queſtion, which comes within the circle of his knowledge. Farther than this, he makes no pretenſions.

The writer, who demands applauſe for the number of his books, or the length of his diſſertations, muſt meet with diſappointment.—A man's writing long upon a ſubject, does not determine that he clearly comprehends it; on the contrary, many people are apt to ſay the moſt on thoſe things, of which they know little or nothing. He, who has clear and diſtinct ideas, can communicate them without a volume of preliminaries; but he, who has a confuſed notion of a ſubject, may write, or talk forever, without knowing when to conclude his diſcourſe. N.

SELECTIONS.

From The Stranger in France.

COLLEGE OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

I HAD long anticipated the delight which I expected to derive from the intereſting public lecture of the abbe Sicard, and the examination of his pupils. This amiable and enlightened man preſides over an inſtitution which endears his name to humanity, and confers unfading honor upon the nation which cheriſhes it by its protection and munificence. My reader will immediately conclude that I allude to the College of the Deaf and Dumb. By the genius and perſeverance of the late abbe Charles Michael de l'Epee, and his preſent amiable ſucceſſor, a race of fellow beings, denied by a privation of hearing, of the powers of utterance, inſulated in the midſt of multitudes bearing their own image, and cut off from the participation, within ſight, of all the endearing intercourſes of ſocial life, are reſtored, as it were, to the bleſſings of complete exiſtence. The glorious labors of theſe philanthropiſts, in no very diſtant ages, would have conferred upon them, the reputation and honors of being inveſted with ſuperhuman influence. By making thoſe faculties which are beſtowed, auxiliary to thoſe which are denied, the deaf are taught to hear, and the dumb to ſpeak. A ſilent repreſentative language, in which the eye officiates for the ear, and communicates the charms of ſcience, and the delights of common intercourſe to the mind, with the velocity, facility, and certainty of ſound, has been preſented to theſe imperfect children of nature. The plan of the abbe, I believe is before the world. It cannot be expected, in a fugitive ſketch like the preſent to attempt an elaborate detail of it. Some little idea of its rudiments, may perhaps, be imparted, by a plain deſcription, of what paſſed on the examination day, when I had the happineſs of being preſent.

On the morning of the exhibition, the ſtreets leading to the College were lined with carriages, for humanity has here made a convert of faſhion, and directed her wavering mind to objects from which ſhe cannot retire, without ample and conſoling gratification. Upon the lawn, in front of the College, were groups of the pupils, enjoying thoſe ſports and exerciſes which are followed by other children, to whom Providence has been more bountiful. Some of their recreations required calculation, and I obſerved that their intercourſe with each other appeared to be eaſy, ſwift, and intelligible.—They made ſome convulſive movements, with their mouths, in the courſe of their communication, which, at firſt, had rather an unpleaſant effect. In the cloiſter I addreſſed myſelf to a genteel looking youth, who did not appear to belong to the College, and requeſted him to ſhow me the way to the theatre, in which the lecture was to be delivered. I found he took no notice of me. One of the aſſiſtants of the abbe, who was ſtanding near me, informed me, he was deaf and dumb, and made two or three ſigns, too ſwift for me to diſcriminate; the ſilent youth bowed, took me by the hand, led me into

the theatre, and, with the greateſt politeneſs, procured me an excellent ſeat. The room was very crowded, and in the courſe of a quarter of an hour after I had entered, every avenue leading to it was completely filled with genteel company. The benches of the auditors of the lecture, diſplayed great beauty and faſhion ; a ſtage or tribune, appeared in front, behind was a large inclined ſlate, in a frame, about eight feet high, by ſix long. On each ſide of the ſtage the ſcholars were placed, and behind the ſpectators was a fine buſt of the founder of the inſtitution, the admirable de l'Epee.

The abbe Sicard mounted the tribune, and delivered his lecture with very pleaſing addreſs, in the courſe of which he frequently excited great applauſe. The ſubject of it was an analyſis of the language of the deaf and dumb, interſperſed with ſeveral curious experiments upon, and anecdotes of his pupils. The examination of the ſcholars next followed. The communication which has been opened to them in this ſingular manner, is by the *philoſophy of grammar*.

The denotation of the tenſes was effected by appropriate ſigns. The hand thrown over the ſhoulder, expreſſed the paſt, when extended, like the attitude of inviting, it denoted the future, and the finger inverted upon the breaſt, indicated the preſent tenſe. A ſingle ſign communicated a word, and frequently a ſentence. A ſingular inſtance of the firſt occurred. A gentleman amongſt the ſpectators, who appeared to be acquainted with the art of the abbe, was requeſted to make a ſign, to the pupil then under examination ; the moment it was made, the ſcholar chalked upon the ſlate, in a fine ſwift flowing hand, " une homme." The pupil erred ; the gentleman renewed the ſign ; when he immediately wrote, " une perſonne," to the aſtoniſhment of every perſon preſent.—This circumſtance is a ſtrong inſtance of the powers of diſcrimination, of which this curious communication is ſuſceptible.

Some of the ſpectators requeſted the abbe to deſcribe, by ſigns, ſeveral ſentences which they repeated from memory, or read from authors, which were immediately underſtood by the pupils and penciled upon the ſlate.

The lecture and examination laſted about three hours. Upon the cloſe of this intereſting exhibition, a ſilent ſympathy reigned throughout the ſpectators. Every face beamed with ſatisfaction. A tear was ſeen trembling in the eyes of many preſent. After a momentary pauſe, the hall rang with acclamations. Elegant women preſſed forward in the crowd, to preſent ſome little token of their delighted feelings to the children protected by this inſtitution. It was a ſpectacle, in which genius was obſerved aſſiſting humanity, and nature in a ſuffuſion of gratitude, weeping over the hallowed and propitious endeavors of the good, the generous and the enlightened.

ROBESPIERRE.

In the valuable and curious cabinet of Mons. le G——, I found out, behind ſeveral other caſts, a buſt of Robeſpierre, which was taken of him, a ſhort period before he fell. A tyrant, whoſe offences look white, contraſted with the deep delinquency of the oppreſſor of France, is ſaid to be indebted more to his character, than to nature, for the repreſentation of that deformity of perſon which appears in Shakſpeare's portrait of him, when he puts this ſoliloquy in his lips :

" *I that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,*
" *Cheated of feature, by diſſembling Nature,*
" *Deform'd, unfiniſh'd, ſent before my time,*
" *Into the breathing world, ſcarce half made up ;*
" *And that ſo lamely and unfaſhionably,*
" *That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them.*"

Hiſtory, enraged at the review of the inſatiable crimes of Robeſpierre, has already beſtowed upon him a fanciful phyſiognomy, which ſhe has compoſed of features which rather correſpond with the ferocity of his ſoul, than with his real countenance. From the appearance of this buſt, which is an authentic reſemblance of him, his face muſt have been rather handſome. His features were ſmall, and his countenance muſt have ſtrongly expreſſed animation, penetration and ſubtelty. This buſt is a real curioſity. It is very likely that not another is now to be found. Mons. le G—— is permitted to preſerve it, without reproach on account of his art. I can ſafely ſay, he does not retain it from any emotions of veneration for the original. It is worthy of being placed between the heads of Caligula and Nero. Very near the reſidence of Monſieur le G—— is the houſe in which Robeſpierre lodged. It is at the end of the Rue Florentine, in the Rue St. Honore, at a wax chandler's. This man is too much celebrated, not to render every thing which relates to him curious. The front windows of his former lodgings look towards the Place de la Concorde. On the right of which his prime miniſter, the permanent guillotine, was quartered. Robeſpierre, who, like the revolting angel, before the world's formation, appears to have preferred the ſceptre of Hell and chaos, to the allegiance of order and ſocial happineſs, will deſcend to poſterity with no common attributes of diſtinction and pre-eminence. His mind was fully ſuited to its labors, which, in their wide ſphere of miſchief, required more genius to direct them than was beſtowed upon the worſt of the tyrants of Rome, and a ſpirit of evil which, with its " broad circumference" of guilt, was calculated to darken the diſk of their leſs expanded enormity.

MISCELLANEOUS.

M. Marechaux has invented a new and very ſenſible electrometer, which he calls a micro-electrometer. It conſiſts of a glaſs cylinder, about an inch and a half in diameter, and five or ſix inches high ; in this a piece of leaf ſilver is ſuſpended from a ſmall pair of nippers, capable of being lowered or elevated. The piece that carries the nippers may likewiſe be moved horizontally, ſo that the leaf may be moved nearer to or further from a ſphere of copper, which is one of the poles of the inſtrument. If a ſlender glaſs tube be rubbed but twice, and brought within ſeveral inches of its ſummit, it paſſes through the whole extent of its ſcale. On account of its great ſenſibility, and becauſe only very weak degrees of electricity can be meaſured by it, the inventor calls it a *micro*-electrometer. [*Boſt. Mag.*

Mr. Daniel Eccleſton, of Lancaſter, (E.) has in hand a ſuperb medallion of General Waſhington. *Obverſe*—An elegant and very ſtriking likeneſs of General Waſhington, from an orginal painting. *Reverſe.*—An American Indian, with his bow and arrow, and an appropriate legend. This medallion is on a large ſcale, in high relief, and the dies engraved by one of the firſt artiſts in the kingdom. They will be ſtruck off in copper, and richly gilt, ſo as to form a medallion of the firſt claſs in the cabinets of the virtuoſi. [*Ibd.*

MUTABILITY OF FASHION.

A gentleman who had been commiſſioned by his wife to make a purchaſe for her at a milliner's, being accoſted by a friend on his return, begged to be excuſed from ſtopping, as he had bought a bonnet for his wife and was afraid *the faſhion might change before he got home !*

BILLETDOUX.

As a proof of the literary talents of ſome modern TIPPIES, *the following Billetdoux, written by one of them to a young lady, is extracted.*

Dere inſſeemable Miſs,

" I beg leve that I hope for haven the honnor of yure cumpany this evenen at the hous off Miſs —— yure preſants will give me the grateſt pleſhure, that can be immaginible on the faſe off this terrakkious gloab—I ſhall ever have the honner to be yure luvin

" Miſs —— ——." DICK TRIM.

Mer. Mag.

Voltaire's memory was exceeding bad in his youth ; this he corrected by working ſums of multiplication in his head, and at laſt by habit and practice, brought himſelf to ſuch a degree of perfection as to work a ſum of 12 figures by 12. By charging the mind with little things at firſt, and gradually enlarging them, it may be habituated to ſuſtain almoſt any burden.

Thoſe who wiſh to become ſubſcribers for the Tablet can be furniſhed with all the back numbers.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

If any of our correſpondents, in this vicinity, are preparing eſſays for the Tablet, they are requeſted to complete them before the cloſe of the preſent week, and convey them to the Editor.

HERMES' lines to '*Eugenio*' ſhall be publiſhed in our next number.

S. M.'s remarks on the 'Influence of Prejudice,' are judicious, inſtructive and intereſting. We hope this writer will frequently favour us with the productions of his literary leiſure.

Monos' 'hint to *nobody*,' ſhall be given to *ſomebody* before long.

A letter, written by a lady in the Diſtrict of Maine, came in a late mail, and ſhall occupy a place in ſome future number of the Tablet. Our gratitude is due to the fair author, and alſo to the gentleman, who tranſmitted it to us, for his remarks, which accompanied the communication. Other productions from this quarter would receive our moſt reſpectful attention.

It gives us pleaſure to hear that this little Miſcellany finds its way into diſtant parts of the country ; and it is ſtill more pleaſing to be informed that it meets the approbation of its moſt literary and reſpectable readers. We have lately received commendatory remarks from thoſe, who, we think, would not 'flatter for a ſmile,' or commend what has no merit. To deſerve the friendſhip of ſuch characters is the Editor's higheſt ambition.

ERRATA.—In the 1ſt page of this number, 2d col. 29th line from the top, for *principles* read *prejudices*. 25th line, ſame col. for *threads* read *threats*.—Theſe miſtakes will be found only in a part of this impreſſion.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO DAMON.

HAVE you not ſeen yon ſpacious dome,
  Faſt by Souhegan's flow'ry ſide ?
That is fair Mira's peaceful home ;
  There dwells our village's native pride.

By yonder ſtream I've ſeen her rove ;
  In concert with the feather'd choir ;
I've heard, from yonder ſpicy grove,
  Her voice ; 'twas ſweeter than the lyre.

O ſhe is lovely as the truth,
  And gentle as the morning breeze ;
Poſſeſt of ev'ry charm, which youth
  And beauty could require, to pleaſe.

And yet the beauties of her mind
  Do far exceed corporeal charms ;
Tis bliſs to love her ; O I find
  Tis heav'n to fold her in my arms.

Could you behold my charming ſair,
  You'd view her with enraptur'd eyes ;
I'll pledge my honour—you would ſ***r
  She was a Cherub of the ſkies.

EUGENIO.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

TO SOLITUDE.

SWEET Solitude ! to thee we owe
The richeſt bliſs, which mortals know.
While ſome frequent the crowded hall,
The gay aſſembly, and the ball ;
While ſome aſpire to rule the ſtate,
With hopes of high renown elate ;
Sweet Solitude ! with thee I'll rove,
Through flow'ry walk, and ſhady grove,
Delightful ſcenes, of magic pow'rs
To calm the ſoul, in lonely hours,
Refine the paſſions, and control
The harſher feelings of the ſoul.
There, ſeated by a murm'ring rill,
Which flows adown the verdant hill,
Through ſunny lawns, and ſhady bow'rs,
Its borders crown'd with various flow'rs,
I fain would reſt, in thought profound,
And view the ſcenes, that ſmile around ;
Or through ſome lonely valley ſtray,
With verdure cloth'd, at cloſe of day,
While ſhadows lengthen o'er the plains,
And ſolitary ſilence reigns,
Save when the bee, with mellow hum,
Purſues its airy paſſage home ;
Or lowing kine from meads repair,
To meet the milk-maid's wonted care ;
Or, when the God of day has fled,
And reach'd his occidental bed,
When clouds have loſt their ſcarlet die,
And ſober grey inveſts the ſky,
Then, on the ſhore of limpid lake,
Some moſſy bank, my ſeat I'd make,
And on its breaſt, with willows ſkirted,
View the whole hemiſphere inverted,
Which ſeems, as terrified, to ſhake,
As zephyrs move the lucid lake :
And, when the glimm'ring ſtars appear,
Delighted would I ſit to hear
The flute's ſweet note, the diſtant bell,
Or plaintive ſtrains of Philomel.
Let Kings place happineſs in ſtate,
Knaves ſeek the title, brave, or great,
The miſer hoard his paltry pelf,
And, to be wealthy, ſtarve himſelf ;
But grant me, Solitude ! the pow'r,
To ſpend, with thee, the lonely hour,
And view the wond'rous works of nature,
Which ſpeak aloud their great Creator.

ALIQUIS.

SELECTED POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Mr. Orlando,

I extract for the *Tablet* the following tranſlation of the 42d Pſalm, by Biſhop Lowth, which he eſteems " one of the moſt beautiful ſpecimens of Hebrew Elegy. The extreme anxiety of a mind overcome by an accumulation of evils, yet in ſome degree endeavouring to reſiſt them, and admitting, through the dark cloud of affliction, a glimmering ray of hope and conſolation, is finely depicted." It may indeed be ſtyled, to uſe an expreſſion of Callimack,

" *A drop from Helicon, a flower*
" *Cull'd from the Muſe's favorite bower,*"

and it affords a ſtriking example of the conſolations ariſing from an exerciſe of that Faith and Piety ſo conſpicuous in the conduct of the Pſalmiſt. Y.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling ſprings,
  That ſinks exhauſted in the ſummer's chaſe ;
So pants my ſoul for thee, Great King of Kings !
  So thirſt to reach thy ſacred reſting-place.

On briny tears my famiſh'd ſoul has fed,
  While taunting foes deride my deep deſpair ;
" Say where is now thy great Deliverer fled ?
  " Thy mighty God—Deſerted wanderer where ?"

Oft dwell my thoughts on thoſe thrice happy days,
  When to thy fane I led the jocund throng ;
Our mirth was worſhip, all our pleaſure praiſe,
  And feſtal joys ſtill cloſ'd with ſacred ſong.

Why throb my heart ? why ſink my ſad'ning ſoul ?
  Why droop to earth with various woes oppreſs'd ?
My years ſhall yet in bliſsful circles roll,
  And joy be yet an inmate of this breaſt.

By Jordan's banks with devious ſteps I ſtray,
  O'er Hermon's rugged rocks, and deſerts drear ;
E'en there thy hand ſhall guide my lonely way,
  There, thy remembrance ſhall my ſpirit cheer.

In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
  Harſh-ſounding cataracts reſponſive roar ;
Thine angry billows overwhelm my ſoul,
  And daſh my ſhatter'd bark from ſhore to ſhore.

Yet thy ſoft mercies, ever in my ſight,
  My heart ſhall gladden through the tedious day ;
And midſt the dark and gloomy ſhades of night,
  To thee I'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Rock of my hope ! Great ſolace of my heart !
  Why, why deſert the offſpring of thy care,
While taunting foes thus point th' invidious dart ?
  " Where's now thy GOD ! abandon'd wand'rer where ?"

Why faint my ſoul ? why doubt Jehovah's aid ?
  Thy GOD the GOD of mercy ſtill ſhall prove !
In his bright fane thy thanks ſhall yet be paid ;
  Unqueſtion'd be his pity and his love.

JUVENAL's X SATIRE,

Tranſlated into Engliſh Verſe,

BY WILLIAM GIFFORD, ESQ.

Continued from page 16.

One world the ambitious Youth of Pella found
Too ſmall ; and toſs'd his feveriſh limbs around,
And gaſp'd for breath, as if confin'd the while,
Unhappy prince, in Gyaræ's rocky iſle :
But, entering Babylon, found ample room
Within the narrow limits of a tomb !
Death, the great teacher, Death alone prolaims
The true dimenſions of our puny frames.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

" Life ! length of life !" for this, with earneſt cries,
Or ſick or well, we ſupplicate the ſkies.
Pernicious prayer ! for mark, what ills attend
Still on the old, as to the grave they bend :
A ghaſtly viſage to themſelves unknown,
For a ſmooth ſkin, a hide with ſcurf o'ergrown,
And ſuch a flabby cheek as an old ape,
In Tabraca's thick woods, might haply ſcrape.
  In youth a thouſand different features ſtrike ;
All have their charms, but have not charms alike :
While age preſents one univerſal face—
A faultering voice, a weak and trembling pace,
An ever-dropping noſe, a forehead bare,
And toothleſs gums to mump his wretched fare.

——— The warbling quire,
In him no ſentiments of joy inſpire :
The ſweeteſt airs eſcape him ; and the lute,
That thrills the general ear, to him is mute.
He ſits, perhaps, too diſtant : bring him near ;
Alas ! 'tis ſtill the ſame : he ſcarce can hear
The deep-ton'd horn, the trumpet's clanging ſound,
And the loud blaſt that ſhakes the benches round.
E'en at his ear his boy, to tell the hour,
Or who's arriv'd, muſt ſhout with all his power.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

But grant his ſenſes unimpair'd remain :
Still woes on woes ſucceed, a dreadful train !
He ſees his ſons, his daughters, all expire,
Sees his lov'd conſort on the funeral pyre,
Sees brothers, ſiſters, friends, to aſhes turn,
And all he lov'd, or lov'd him, in an urn.
Lo here, the dreadful fine we ever pay,
For life protracted to a diſtant day !
To ſee our houſe by ſickneſs, pain, purſued,
And ſcenes of death inceſſantly renew'd :
In ſable weeds to waſte the joyleſs years,
And drop at laſt mid ſolitude and tears.

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